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BY J. C. CANNON.

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Philo Henderson.

To give a brief sketch of the life of Philo Henderson, and to offer to the public as complete a collection of his poems as can now be made, is the design of the writer.

The poetical literature of North Carolina has been enriched by occasional fugitive pieces from some of her most distinguished sons. But the most gifted of our poets was, in our estimation, the subject of the present sketch.

His short and brilliant career excites our sorrow and admiration, while the struggles of a heart to conceal its breaking, touch every sympathetic bosom.

His poetry was not to be forgotten in the musty files of newspapers. He spoke from the heart to the heart. The depths of his soul were harrowed up, as it were, by teeth of iron, and he disclosed the wounds unconsciously, not like Byron, laughing at tears he caused to flow. As one of his friends has well remarked—"his life is written in his poetry."

Read it there; it is expressed in words which may not be attempted by the writer, who is fully satisfied in having collected and having published, in as complete a form as possible, what our gifted fellow statesman has written.

Philo Henderson was born in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, in the winter of 1823. He spent the first fourteen years of his life in a farm, enjoying no other advantages of education than such as were afforded by the common schools in the neighborhood.

At his early age, he discovered signs of genius, and the wish of his parents who were intelligent as well as respectable, no less than the bent of his own inclination, induced him to prepare for college.

He began the study of Latin under Mr. Wallace, who taught a classical school for a short time at Sugar Creek church, and finished his preparatory course under Mr. McDowell, the succeeding teacher. He was quick of apprehension, kind hearted, cheerful in company, retiring in manners and somewhat disposed to melancholy.

When sixteen years old, he entered Davidson College, where he remained nearly a year, and went from there to the University of the State.

His College life was not spent in the best manner. He paid but little attention to his text books, though by the assistance of his talents, his standing in his class was very respectable. He was rather wild, but never guilty of anything dishonorable, and left College loved by the students, well thought of by the faculty, for those traits of character which all equally respect and admire.

He graduated in 1843, and immediately afterwards went to Mecklenburg, and obtained license to practice in the County Court, at the winter Term of the Supreme Court, held at Raleigh in '44-'45. He settled at Charlotte where he spent the remainder of his life.

About this time his beauty and his noble qualities won from him the love of Mary, an accomplished and lovely woman. Henderson is said by one who knew him well, to have been the handsomest he had ever seen. "His cheeks were the very rose of health; his eyes bright and beaming with poetic fire; his face round, and features striking, and well developed from an expansive forehead, and well developed head, fell down to his shoulders in rich profusion, luxuriant curls of nature's own training; and withal, he had a commanding and graceful figure of the full medium height, well rounded and in every way well proportioned."

He met his Mary by the brook-side, under the white blossomed tree, where the gentle rippling of the water, the humming of the bees, and the songs of the birds made music for lovers. They might have been happy, but it was to be otherwise. The spell was broken; the ties which bound them were rudely struck and severed. The lines—"Sweet Mary dost thou remember," written in allusion to this incident, show that her memory was still cherished.

"A year or two after the sad denouncement of his first and early love," says the writer quoted above, alluding to his personal appearance, "that weakness periodically yielded to by him, had made its pioneer inroads upon his manly beauty; his form was less round, his features wearing from their oval fulness to that attenuated and his voice thinning from that rich volume which had once swelled in such musical tones. But he was handsome still, his form was graceful and lithe still, and his voice better modulated than the majority of persons we meet with."

His faults were such as should be pitied rather than severely censured; they were lost sight of beside his virtues. He was unkind to no one but himself; nor could he be justly accused of doing anything to sully his reputation as a man of honor. His affable manners and engaging conversation gained him friends and his own integrity retained their affection.

With such qualities as these joined to his talents, his prospects for high distinction at the bar were very flattering. His eloquence was of that kind that affected a jury; nothing was strained; no mere flourish of words; but the simplicity and earnestness of deep feeling. Though thus eminently qualified for success in the study of law he chose to become associate editor of the "Hornet's Nest," and in that paper was published nearly all of his poems, which were so deservedly popular. He chiefly contributed poetry, though at times he would give a brilliant political article.

We have now come to the most interesting period in the life of Philo Henderson, it is fraught with intense interest, and its tragic conclusion is painful to contemplate. He loved a maiden and was loved in return. His love was of that deep and lasting kind which becomes extinct only with life, and burns with increasing ardor. A chord which it seemed would never vibrate again, was touched, and it thrilled his soul; its echoes are heard in the lines addressed to Rother, "The Fragment," "The Rose of Mecklenburg," and "The Flower of Catawba." Ada's love was enough for him; her mild voice was not forgotten when he was far away; no, nor after she reposed in the quiet grave, as may be seen in his verses written after her death. They were happy. Nature seemed to be spread out for them alone, and the world a paradise from which they were to gather the flowers hand in hand.

She gave him a token of her love, on receiving which, he wrote—"On receiving a present from a lady." We give the remainder of the story in the words of a writer in the "Southern Weekly Post," a warm friend of Henderson, acquainted with circumstances of which we are ignorant, and to whom our obligations should have been returned before now.

"A while prior to this period and for six or eight months afterwards, he abstained from quaffing the intoxicating liquid that Circe's never-exhausting cup overflows with. Ada's love, Ada's smile, Ada's soft gentle voice falling on his heart like summer's breath upon the way-worn brow, was intoxication enough for him. Her love was sufficient to bind as with a golden ligature, his life to rectitude. And never, do we believe by rash act of his would the sacred cord have been sundered."

But the traducer with poisonous tongue; slander whose sting is sharper than the sword's; envy with its venomous teeth ever ready to stick into virtue, combined against them, and the lover of Ada and Philo were turned into despair. And slander whetted his sting anew; and the envy gnashed his teeth with savage joy; and the traducer licked out his poisonous tongue with demonic zest. At last they completely triumphed; and Ada, with a bosom full of sighs, a heart full of grief, and a soul that could only find rest from her relentless maskers in heaven, went down sorrowing to the silence beneath the soil; and they revelled in mad jollies over her bride clapping graves. Pretended friends' tears but hid their smiles, and their sighs were but subdued expressions of exultation. They turned from their funeral revelry to dig their glacial weapons into the heart of poor Philo to stent their now satisfied poignards in his thortened bosom. They met him with smiles that were darker to his soul than hell's frowns, with soft words that were deadlier than heaven's terrible curses, and with smooth overtures that were more bloody and revolting to him than a sealed, signed and delivered contract to Delzabub.

Reader, we write the painful, agonizing truth about our friend; and truth must out. Is it not truth? Philo's life is written in his poetry. Read from his pen and heart written about this time on the green banks of the Catawba. See there how false friends betrayed Ada, and made her break, at the same time that it broke her heart, her plighted troth with Philo. And then his heart-strings, snapped like the strings of a man's trust-strung harp. But his muse still lingered, like some woe-embowered "And a dismantled temple, around the ruins of his affections. He walked among men, but he was not of them; he then speak, but never listen. He drowned sorrow often, and soothed the pangs of memory in the fatal bath of the bowl."

The disappointed lover in Locksley Hall, could not of the furnace purer and brighter; but it was not a woman he loved, it was a vision of his own imagining which he thought he had found embodied in flesh and blood. Henderson was not deceived; Ada was all that she seemed; and when she was torn away, the shock was too great for her fine-strung sensibility.

"Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

It is very philosophical, no doubt, to speak lightly of his feelings, and to contend that yielding to them indicates either a want of reason, or weakness of mind. It is easy when the mind is cool and ruffled to come to such conclusions; but when it is tempest-tost, it is difficult to reflect calmly on them and act accordingly. Most men have some favorite object to which the main end of their actions is directed. It is pursued with greater ardor by some than others, and is also of more or less moment. Remove the object, and you strip life of its pleasures and render it a dreary blank. Henderson reached forth his hand to pluck the flower that was dearest to him of all on earth, and it was snatched away. The chords which bound two loving hearts were not broken, but dragged the heart out with them. Life was not a dream, but a terrible nightmare. The last ray of hope that lingered when every other joy had dawned, had darkened into despair. What had he lived for? Ambition was dead; he could no longer lay his laurels at his feet. In his dark hours his poetic star shone the brightest. The pathos of "The flower has fallen," "Catawba," "Mary the beautiful is dead," "On the green banks of the Catawba," "The maiden's grave," and others of a similar kind, must move the heart of any one who knows the relations that existed between the writer and the lost loved one. He now began to grow very melancholy, and most probably at this time were written, nearly all those thoughtful and serious poems, which show so well the state of his mind, after the waves of despair had settled down into a calm. "Futurity," "The Past and Present," "The days that are to be," "Reflections," "A Remembrance," "A Vision," "The voice of her I loved," and others similar in their nature, which show that his thoughts were not on the present, that he was left weary and desolate, that he continued associate editor of the "Hornet's Nest," until a few months previous to his death. In the meantime he sought the quiet and soothing influences of home, to revive, if possible, in the loved family circle his drooping spirits, and to recall his energy. While residing at home, he paid a visit to Charlotte where he was taken sick, and died on the 21st of July, 1852, aged 29 years, and some months May he rest in peace!

It is difficult to give a critical analysis of the poems of Henderson. Though published in the paper of which he was an editor, still they can hardly be said to come within the province of the critic. They are for the most part, the thoughts and feelings of his own heart, not of that heart imagined in another's place, and hymning fancied beauties, or brooding over imaginary sorrows, but of his own heart of hearts, elevated or depressed as his impulsive nature was acted upon by external forces; so that the to examine his productions of this class minutely, is but to explore the recesses of his mind. Fame was not his object, he wrote because he could not help it, and transcribed the thoughts from the tablets of the brain to the page before him, almost as

rapidly as they thronged, seldom blotting out, what was written, remodeling his sentences or adding new ideas after he had once finished his work. This accounts for the variable degree of merit in his different productions, which renders it difficult to ascertain the exact extent of his powers, and to know in what rank of poets to class him. Again, he touched but two strings of his lyre; or rather two notes on the same string—his future happiness reflected in the present, and his succeeding disappointment. Exulting in hope or oppressed by despair, he seldom exhibited that calmness and reflection which flows from a contented and well regulated mind. We are unable to say, therefore, how far he would have succeeded had he taken a wider range; and as he never reached his culminating point nor was a follower of any political school, both the style and quality of his poetry vary, as before stated, so that in some of it, especially his earlier pieces, the traces of the same hand are scarcely visible.

His poems correspond to the state of his mind when they were written. Cowper displayed his best wit and most peculiar humor when in the most melancholy mood; Byron was totally indifferent. All authors who have engaged in a single work which required time and thought, have, if successful, forced their minds to its study whatever there might have been to arrest the attention, or to beguile from labor. But such was not the case with Henderson; he never could, nor never would bring himself to attempt anything that required time and patience, with a concentration of thought and energy. He wrote at that period of life when men were most easily swayed by the passions. Naturally impulsive, he pursued what was most congenial to his taste, and dashed off those fugitive pieces which enriched the "Hornet's Nest," and though composed so hurriedly, some of them have a degree of elegance and feeling and of dignified simplicity, that would do no discredit to poets of wider celebrity. Had he lived longer, until the judgment of ripen years would have come into play, we might have expected much from him. Beautiful as his poems many of them are, they are but the shadows of a more glorious future, and the author a brilliant light prematurely quenched.

His love of nature was unfeigned, and his perception of the beautiful accurate. Having spent his boyish years in the country, he never lost his relish for it. He loved its green corn-fields and its waving forests; the little rills he had played in, and the quiet nooks where he had chased the squirrel. The Catawba was to him a "thing of life," and mysteriously connected with what he held dearest among men, but he was not of them; he then speak, but never listen. He drowned sorrow often, and soothed the pangs of memory in the fatal bath of the bowl."

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His style is perspicuous, and his language chaste, free from affectation and easily understood; it required no labor to work out his meaning, which is one reason for his general popularity. The farmer, when he drew up to the fire-side at night after his day's work, would read Henderson's contribution to the last paper and imagine, honest soul, that it was precisely what he would have said, had he been placed under similar circumstances.

He did not take pains to polish his poetry, and his verses do not all have that smoothness and melody which assist to make some of them so beautiful. The thought was there, and was not that enough? Such was not the way our poet reasoned; perhaps he did not reason at all on the subject. He cared very little for his poems or anything else after the dark days came upon him; but his readers were satisfied. His words were those of common life, and used in their every day application. It is to be remembered that he did not write for posterity, and his poetry is chiefly valuable to us as showing the workings of a finely strong mind; of genius in joy and adversity; the despairing of a soul that had once bent high with hope thrown off its balance by keen and lasting anguish.

There is a marked improvement in his poems during the short period in which they were written. The editorial chair, no doubt, contributed to the improvement of his taste and his larger experience gave him a better insight into the human heart. The great reason, however, is that his earlier productions lacked the passion, the fire of love and despair which is so conspicuous in his later poems; which, by the way, constitute by far, the greater part.

"The Farmer," "To a respected female friend," and "Thoughts on the season," among his first, are, in our estimation, quite pretty. We give quotations from each, though at the risk of spoiling the whole, so difficult is it to make a selection, so closely are the different stanzas woven into each other. But read all; the present extracts are but to call and enlist the attention.

"The farmer with a heart at ease, Sings blithely in the early morn, And all day long he feels the breeze, That whispers through the waving corn.

His music is the tinkling bell, That leads the slow returning herd, Or waits from some steady dell, The warblings of the forest bird.

His is the happy careless life That passes like a golden dream: Unknown to sorrow and to strife, It is away like a ray of light at beam.

The season of the year when the breezes

are refreshing, is indicated in the first stanza, by a single word, *waiving*. We appreciate the farmer's music, and almost envy him his happy and contented life, gliding along so gently, and then fading away at last like "day's last beam."

"To a respected female friend," is only memorial of the kind its author has left. It breathes the very spirit of friendship, rather than love, carefully distinguished from that love which leads a man to "leave all things and cleave unto his wife." She is

"Sweet as the light that memory brings Around the cold and silent dead."

Whoever has stood by the grave of a loved one, knows what feelings wrap up the heart. The brimful eye, the quivering lip and throbbing heart are succeeded by a quiet resignation, and the memory of the lost one is cherished. This love of the dead can be better imagined than described, and is admirably introduced in the preceding lines.

"Thoughts on the season," is so beautiful that we cannot refrain from quoting largely from it.

"Her sable tresses solemn night Had decked with many a sparkling gem, And round her brow in holy light, Shone heaven's starry diadem.

And the dead year with none to weep Save nature's soft and dewy tears, At noon of night was laid to sleep In the dim sepulchre of years.

The years are spirits, and like stars They rise up from the future's night, And towards the past in viewless cars Bend their eternal, silent wings.

Their dark wings move so noiselessly, We heed not their destroying breath, And surely though unconsciously, We glide on to the hour of death."

The imagery is such as we would expect from Byron, striking and grand. The dark winged spirits in their viewless cars is a noble conception. The years are the spirits, but what are the cars? What becomes of time after the Now? There has an Eternity passed, and one is looming awfully before. We stand between two Infinities, and what mysterious "viewless car" sweeps through the vast abyss and transfers Time from one Eternity to another without detracting from one or adding to the other? We are lost in these regions, and can only give a name to what we know comparatively nothing about.

"Mother," and "The Land of Memory," are in good taste, and "To the South," written when secession was agitated, has some melodious lines and stirring appeals. It is in manuscript and we think was never published.

It is well received by many of our readers at this time when the cloud of disunion is more threatening than ever that of secession. Henderson never had a model, though at times we see striking resemblances between him and some of the English poets. "The Rose of Mecklenburg" might have been written by Thomas Moore, without detracting anything from his reputation for exquisiteness of expression. Indeed, we would think it was by the modern Aeschylus if we did not have a known signature. Here is an example; but read the whole of it—

"The deep caves of ocean bear no such a pearl, When the mermaids with shells deck each gold-embued curl; And night in her dark hair twines not such a gem. When she binds round her tresses her bright diadem.

The valley's sweet lily, the rose of the hills, Unopened may bloom by the murmuring rills, So spotless and pure is that beautiful rose, So holy the spirit its leaflets disclose."

His elegiac poetry has the first and most requisite element to affect the heart; the writer felt and felt deeply what he wrote. There is nothing affected, none of the parade of woe, but it is simple, beautiful, and at times wild and passionate. Though "In Memoriam" ranks high as a literary performance, yet it is too elaborate and finished a composition to be the spontaneous outburst of genuine grief. Deep suffering never seeks elegant and captivating modes of expression, but breaks out in impassioned eloquence, like the volcano when the fires are working beneath.

In examining the poems of this class, we first take up "On the Green banks of Catawba." The language of nature reminds us, very naturally, of course, of Minnabala, but Hiawatha was not yet written. Notice the beauty of the description by comparison—

"On the green banks of Catawba, Once there lived a beauteous maiden, Stained as the flower at sunset, With the dew of evening laden, Gentle as the west-wind blowing.

Was her soul's unearthly feeling, Softer than the streamlet flowing, Came her words that soul revealing."

But this may be questioning the reader's good taste, to point out, or rather call attention to what must be so obvious. We turn, therefore, to notice another excellence in the composition. She—

"Died the victim of delusion; Word that ne'er were true believing, Words that filled her soul with anguish, While her breaking heart deceiving."

Read the whole poem and see the gradual unfolding of the idea in the lines just quoted; but we must hurry on, our limits do not allow us to be so particular.

We were, of course, reminded—

"—of the land where the cypress and myrtle

Are emblems of deeds that are done in the cline."

When we read "Upon the Death of Miss M. A. McLeary," and when we came to the line—

"Now gladdened the heart and now kindled to love,"

Memory instantly suggested—

"Now melt into sorrow now madden to crime."

This was done, no doubt, unconsciously, and the quantity of the verse in both being the same, it is probable that the writer could not

drive out of his head the opening lines of the "Bride of Abydos." Let us now look at the "Anthem of Heaven."

The idea of the music of the spheres is perhaps as old as the grey globe itself. The mysterious errands that they are constantly running and the punctuality of their returns might suggest "the morning stars singing together." Cicero alludes to the same thing, and in our own age Shakespeare he said—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings."

Campbell also has spoken of the time when the spheres pealed their first note. These passages are borrowed, but they serve our purpose, to show that originality of the idea can be claimed by no one, and that whoever makes the best use of it most deserves our praise. In the poem before us, the idea is changed, instead of the music of the spheres we have the spheres as pendula beating time to the music of heaven. The later thought is the finer of the two in our estimation. "The anthem of heaven" certainly borders on the sublime.

"Thro' the dark realm of chaos e'er the morning of Time, The strains of an anthem pealed onward sublime, Swelling up from the harps of angels on high, Unchecked they swept down the dim starless sky."

The sun, moon, and earth, and stars were not there, To catch the grand strains of that heavenly air; Bat on, ever on, thro' dim chaos and night, They lent their grand, solemn, and measureless flight.

When God by his word, spoke in being the earth, Those strains echoed back sung in heaven its deep;

And sun, moon, and stars beneath Jehovah's glance, In beautiful order wheeled into the dance.

And now where the farthest bright tremulous star, On the horizon's verge, drives its silvery car, The strains of that anthem are re-echoed back, As that star to their music pursues its bright track.

To their music in tune the wide universe sweeps, In its grand stately march thro' unlimited deep; From the loveliest star to which Chaldeans prayed To the insect that winds its small horn in the shade.

Even the Alexander's tramp, with his hoarse, hoarse, hoarse, Shall wake their long sleepers from mountain and plain. The strains of that hymn will swell higher and higher, And blend with the roar of Times funeral pyre.

Then onward sublimely "unanswered once more," Thro' the dim starless sky they will sweep as of yore, And forever bend down their long measureless flight, Through the dim rayless regions of chaos and night.

We would call the attention of the reader to "Lines," which are fair indices of the writer's mind not only at the time they were written, but before and after. Who can judge the heart but its maker? May we not hope that the way worn pilgrim did repeat, was pure and was forgiven.

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any measure to unlock the mountains of the west, and allow those people to come out and enjoy the benefits of railroad facilities. He would move his motion to lay the motion of the Senator from Richmond on the table.

Mr. Cherry felt embarrassed. He was a friend to the road, and regretted that his friend from Richmond had deemed it important to move a re-consideration. He had the honor to avow, in a State convention, internal improvements principles, and upon that platform, for a higher office. He desired to be with his friend.

Mr. Dockery said he desired to offer an amendment, providing for the opening of the road to Morganton, and no further for the present.

Mr. Cherry would vote to reconsider, but reserve to himself to vote on the bill as his sense of right should dictate.

The motion to lay on the table was rejected—yeas 29, nays 11.

The Speaker announced that in his present position he was not authorized to take any part in the discussion; whereupon, Mr. Hill moved that the Senate go into a committee of the Whole, upon the consideration of the motion to reconsider, which motion prevailed, and Mr. Hill, of Caswell, was called to the chair.

Mr. Avery, of Burke, said he was not prepared to hear the Senator from Richmond move a reconsideration of the bill. The intelligence would astound the numerous friends of the gentleman in the west, where he had deeply committed himself on internal improvements, and where he had promised to go for the work of extension, even if it became necessary to appropriate \$10,000,000. He had told the west so, without first looking into the treasury, and he was now starting to see the change which had so suddenly come over the

thus anxious to pass through the mountains to the western valley, he was opposed to making improvements not within the capacity of the State.

Mr. Cameron. I would. The road was under contract, and to save the State from entire loss, I would have voted for the appropriation.

Mr. Avery. This bill does not ask for as much. The State is already committed, and we ask that the restrictions be removed, and that the State tunnel the Alleghany mountains. The North-Carolina road passes through a country whose people are rich, and well able to build the road. The western extension road will pass through a section of country whose people are poor, but who have strong arms and stout hearts. Eastern gentlemen were in the habit of feeling for the west when ever our inconveniences were spoken of. Mr. A. called on Mr. C. to do something more than to feel for the west. This was the first instance in which the State proposed to do something for the people of the west. This people were willing to give half they have to be allowed to enjoy some of the comforts and luxuries of life. Mr. A. spoke for his people. The Senate may defeat this bill, and I send him home bowed down, but he would still do justice to the North-Carolina road, and all roads in North-Carolina. He regretted the course which had been taken by Senators, but did not blame them. On all subjects of importance where the will of his constituents was not expressed, he had always acted as he thought was right, and more than once, he had gone home to meet the disapprobation of his constituents, but had always succeeded in convincing them that he had acted, as he conceived, with a due regard to the interest of the people.

Mr. Cameron replied. There was but one expression of the Senator that he objected to, and that was the imputation of a want of independence. It touched him; it inflamed his mind and fired his heart. He stood on this floor an independent representative, free to act as he thought best for the State.

Mr. Avery did not charge the gentleman with a lack of independence. He made no allusion to the gentleman from Orange.

Mr. C. continued. He would legislate for posterity, and he would raise up the poor man, in his power, on a level with the rich man.

The debate was continued, and a discussion of the charter, its meaning, &c., entered into by Messrs. Cameron and Avery; and Mr. Eaton—his understanding of it two years ago.

Mr. Avery remarked that the gentleman from Warren had voted against the bill two years ago, and the bill had passed over his head, and he was sorry that now the project had been taken up, and he should give it a kick in passing. He looked with regret and regret at the course of the Senator from Warren, and at the course of the Senator from Warren, and hoped he did not represent the views of his constituents.

Mr. Eaton denied the right of the gentleman from Burke to get between him and his constituents. He did represent his constituents, and as evidence of this fact, he did not get, and he was here now by an almost unanimous vote of his people. He disclaimed that his people were anti-railroad improvement in their views, and quoted historical facts to sustain him in the declaration that he, too, was in favor of internal improvements. He was not now opposed to the western railroad. He would vote for its extension to Morganton now; and two years ago he was in favor of the construction of a section and a half, and to proceed there with as the company became able. Mr. E. disclaimed that he felt prejudiced against the west. He entertained no such sectional feeling, and as evidence of this, he voted last session against an eastern enterprise, because an appropriation was asked. It is true he had differed with western gentlemen on important questions, and again it became up to pass and look around us before shouldering a debt which some gentlemen seemed disposed to place upon us. The State taxes had been increased from time to time, and again increased this session, until they were burdensome. The gentleman, in his zeal, exhibited much warmth, and perhaps justice, but with all his eloquence, he would fail to convince him that it was expedient for North-Carolina to build ten miles of mountain railway, for it commenced the work she must go through with it. Mr. E. believed that after ten years experience his position would be sustained by the State.

Mr. Avery did not desire to sacrifice the social feeling existing between himself and the Senator from Warren. He referred to the time when the Raleigh and Gaston railroad was struggling under a reverse of fortune, and how western men, at the instance of the Senator from Warren, came to its rescue.

Mr. Eaton took no part in the matter, at the time referred to, though he was for the road.

Mr. Avery said his people deemed it a hardship that gentlemen, living on the side of a railway, should deny to them the same privilege which they enjoyed; and the bill, if considered, would be dead so far as this General Assembly is concerned. The bill had been before the Senate long enough for every Senator to become acquainted with its provisions.

Mr. Eaton continued the debate, referring to the Raleigh and Gaston road, its fall, its rise, and the way in which it was aided by the State, &c., and was again replied to by Mr. Avery.

Mr. Cherry took grounds for the bill as it was. Now was the time to build the road. He summed up and reviewed the argument of the Senator from Burke, and upon his statements he should vote for the bill.

Mr. Dockery made some conciliatory remarks, disclaiming any intention to destroy the bill, &c.

Mr. Avery said, in justice to his constituents, he could not consent to any compromise—he had done his duty, and would leave the bill to the wisdom of the Senate.

The motion to reconsider prevailed by a large majority—25 to 13.

PROSPEROUS RAILROAD.—The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company held its annual meeting in Philadelphia, on Monday. The report of the Company shows that its receipts for the year were \$1,130,165, and the expenditures \$716,846. The net revenue \$413,319, a gain of \$133,519 over that of the year 1855. The company has paid a 2 per cent. dividend during the year. The President alludes to the cost of high speed for passenger and freight roads, and says: "A maximum load of passengers, at three cents per mile, over a relatively level and straight road, at a speed of thirty miles per hour, including stops, will pay; but when a road of heavy grades and short curves is undertaken to run such a train, it will soon find that it does not pay the actual expenses."

HOA. JOHN APPLETON, of Maine, who was Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James, is to take charge of the Washington Union after the 4th March next, as sole editor and proprietor.

Republican Banner.

SALISBURY, N. C.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 3.

TERMS:—For 1 year, TWO DOLLARS in advance—THREE DOLLARS if payment is delayed till the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion and 25 cts. per square for each subsequent insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS not exceeding one square inserted at \$5 a year.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Mr. BYRON CHURCH, is our duly authorized agent to receive subscriptions, collect accounts and transact any business connected with this office.

In pursuance of the above notice Mr. Church will call on each and all of those indebted to us by subscription or otherwise, at an early day as possible. All accounts are made out to the 1st of January inst. and placed in his hands. We hope all those interested will make it convenient to settle without delay and save time, trouble and—much vexation of spirit.

We apologize for our considerably curtailed appearance this week, only being able to issue a half-sheet. This arises from the fact that the paper-sellers have disappointed us; the severe weather, perhaps, preventing them from sending it. We have been buying from neighboring offices for several weeks in the fond anticipation that a large lot would arrive by "next train." The manufacturer wrote us it would be sent in six days—it only took the world to be made in the same length of time, consequently our paper man must be very slow, for the "six days" were nearly "six" weeks ago.

We call attention to the proceedings of the Legislature relative to the W. N. C. Railroad. We fear the amendments will be killed by the singular and ill-timed interference of that arch-demagogue—Gen. Dockery, Senator from Richmond. The friends of the road congratulate themselves that it has such an able and zealous supporter in the person of the talented Speaker of the Senate, W. W. Avery, Esq. of Burke. Mr. A. is by far the most able man in the Senate and ranks among the first men of the State. There is an earnestness with which he enforces the arguments sustaining his bill which shows he has the interest of his people—the people of Western Carolina—at heart. He's a wholesome North Carolinian of whom his State is proud.

On Saturday last a vote was taken on the free gallon law, which was negatived by a very decided majority.

The vote stood thus:

For License,	86
Against License,	18

We learn that there will be several applications made for License to sell spirits by the drink. This result was occasioned principally from the fact that the law had not the beneficial effects as was anticipated by its friends;—many, very many who voted for it one and two years ago, voted against it this year.

MUSIC.—BRASS BAND.—We are glad to learn that our town is again soon to be enlivened with the "concert of sweet sounds." Prof. Weiss is here now giving instructions to a company of young men, who have lately purchased a splendid set of instruments. From our knowledge of Mr. Weiss' attainments we know him to be fully competent for the task he has undertaken, and we soon shall have a splendid brass band "armed and equipped" for any emergency. We congratulate our "burg" for the prospective pleasure, and hope that every encouragement will be given to the young men in their labors to add unto the thousand and one pleasures that surround us.

No town is perfect without a good band, such a one as we know this one will be.

THE COLD IN PETERSBURG.—The statement that fifteen persons were frozen to death in Petersburg, Va. turns out to be erroneous. The express says, "only four deaths occurred in Petersburg, superinduced by the severe weather; and we have only heard of three who were actually frozen to death. The depth of the snow was not more than two feet on a level, according to measurement in several localities. Some drifts were six, seven, eight, and eight and a half feet deep."

THE WEATHER.—Friday last was all sorts of a day. It blowed, it snowed, it sleeted and rained and hailed from early dawn to late at night. Oh! it was a disagreeable day. Saturday morning presented a grand sight; every bough was encased in ice; every tree was bowed down under the weight of the terrible ice-king, which congealed everything that it breathed upon. Broken boughs and fallen trees were lying in every direction from the terrible onslaught of the King of the Weather; and as the ice-casements presented themselves on every side, from the flower to the gigantic oak, and pendant icicles from every tree, the whole formed a scene worthy to be transferred to canvass. It looked more like a picture than a thing of nature.

Old Sol, however, made his appearance, on Sunday last, the first time for several weeks, and destroyed the grandeur of the scene, and at this time, we have the appearance of fair weather, for a while at least.

Hon. John Appleton, of Maine, who was Mr. Buchanan's Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James, is to take charge of the Washington Union after the 4th March next, as sole editor and proprietor.

THE RETIRING PRESIDENT.

By constitutional limitation, the chief executive officer of the nation must soon surrender his powers to his successor. The prerogatives of the present incumbent of the most dignified elective office recognized in the universe, will be transferred to another pronounced worthy of the confidence; and the present possessor will leave the ermine of power, to enjoy the rest incident to a cessation of toil.

Franklin Pierce after having executed the duties arising from his office, must retire to share from the hands of the public the rights and liberties which he has so faithfully distributed to the entire American people, and to await the approval or censure of the scrutinizing public; after the prejudices that on the one hand have impugned his course or the adhering devotion that has complimented and sustained it have in part subsided.

For in no event of American history has there been exercised a more censorial, fault-finding vigilance, of a more animated zeal to sustain public conduct, than has been manifested in respect to his course. His enemies have scanned the most indifferent deed, and declared ominous of fatal error, the least equivocal act of his office, while his friends have applauded his course entirely as indicative of an unswerving adherence to constitutional rights.

Perhaps when the recriminations of the one, and the party devotion of the other, shall have been mollified by the reflecting wisdom of calm consideration, the verdicts of the contending parties will better harmonize with the merit that should attach to his deeds.

Why is this unsparing vigilance practiced by his enemies, and this united zeal exhibited by his friends to such intense degrees? Does it not seem that such unyielding opposition would be incompatible with American liberty?

It was because the vital interests of the republic were involved in the controversy, engaged in by the most powerful combatants that have ever contended on the Western continent, and the questions espoused by these parties must have been sustained or rejected, as they met with the favor or rebuke of the President.

Recess for the first time in our history, sectional contention was about to leave the existence of the inherent qualities of liberty, and the genius of American freedom was in danger of being overthrown by the shameful recrimination of enraged factions. And the President, the great conservator of peace and distributor of right, considered as the national impartial representative of the hopes of the people, was bound in that capacity to repress the aims of one party by supporting the other if found consonant with right and justice.

This he did, not by diverging from the old and marked that successive wisdom had established, but by implicitly following those precedents and observing the proper constitutional bounds. This policy inflamed the aggressors of the north, for disappointment some times redoubles the vindictiveness of the vanquished. So in this case, for though the President has with merited fidelity obeyed the animals of our history has the venom of inflamed fanatic resistance thrust itself with half such violence into the very heart of the republic, to enkindle the fountain of national vitality. Never has party dissipation and abuse profaned the temples of our liberties with half such fury as has lately disgraced the scenes of our dearest memory. Never has the war cloud lowered with such deep darkening terror in the horizon of our political being as has since Franklin Pierce has become President.

Once we were characterized as sovereign of the ascendant, in the march of nations, for the union of our people, the strength of our arms, and the wisdom of united counsel; but now an appalling disparity exists in the very elements of our sources of strength. Once discussion was spurred from our nation, but now it is the boasted engine employed to strike terror into the national councils.

Such are some of the unfortunate circumstances developed during the administration of Franklin Pierce. Though they are not the necessary results of his course, but the ebullitions of enraged, modified fanaticism. But his administration will live after him as a monument of his well guided wisdom, and faithful observance of duty, demanded from the violence of the times, and from dangers that we hope never again to witness, and which we hope will be remembered to be avoided.

Whatever may be the malignant charges of his accusers, and however sedulously they may be preferred, there are those in the United States who will always remember the self-sacrificing course of him, who ruled as President when dangers made patriots' hearts agitate and tremble for their country's good. May this gallant statesman, respected for his integrity, admitted for his prompt energy, yet live to see the storms of political danger roll harmlessly by, and witness many days of national peace and prosperity, as bright and pure as are the hopes and aims of his own heart.

WALKER'S TIGHT PLACE GROWING TIGHTER.—The intelligence from Nicaragua shows no improvement in Walker's condition and prospects. The recent energetic movements of the Costa Ricans seem to baffle the renowned filibuster, though he is game to the last, and holds out like one fighting for conquest and a name in history, even if it is one of ill fame. He is hemmed in all sides, with no chance of escape, except by some act of daring valor, and every day the circle of his operations seems to grow narrower. Starving, yet appears to be the reliance of the Costa Ricans, and they are in sufficient force to make that result probable. There is something in the mettle of the filibusters that makes the Spanish courage cautious. The Costa Ricans are not overly anxious of encountering Walker in the field of battle, and though the safety of their own Government, depends upon the defeat of his aims in Nicaragua, yet they are more willing to subdue him by inevitable necessity than by force of arms. It is evident, with all the advantages of his position, that they do not feel quite certain of success in the field, otherwise they would bear down and crush Walker at once. They are holding off, however, in hopes he will capitulate, and probably march with the honors of war out of the territory in which he has committed such depredations, to come back again at no distant day, better prepared to assist "destiny" in accomplishing the changes which seem foreshadowed by these attempts as inevitable.

DEATH OF HON. PRESTON S. BROOKS. It is with feelings of unfeigned regret we record the demise, which took place at Washington city, on the 27th ult., of this noble and gallant son of South-Carolina. His fame belongs not alone to the State that gave him birth, but to the South; he has defended her at all times, and under all circumstances from the aspersions and vile denunciations of Northern abolition fanatics. He was a glorious specimen of Southern civility which excited the admiration of every Southerner—his were the qualities of "the noblest work of God;"—

"His life was gentle; and elements So mixed in him, that nature might stand up And say to all the world—THIS IS THE MAN!"

The Daily South-Carolinian, of the 20th of January, thus feelingly and eloquently notices his death:

This noble spirited and gallant son of South Carolina is no more! The arm that was so lately raised in defence of his beloved State, is rigid in death—the voice that spoke the patriotic impulses of his manly heart have ceased. He lies in the cold embrace of the great conqueror of all that is human. In the vigor of ripe manhood—in the midst of usefulness, and enjoying the high honors to which his position entitled him, he has fallen in the service of his State and country.

By an inscrutable Providence, the fiat had gone forth that the hand of disease should clutch him with his rising honor, and the grasp of death has snatched him suddenly from the councils of the confederacy. But a few short days, and his handsome form was seen in his place, expounding the principles of the government, and lucidly explaining the views of his party and section on a point of difficulty—and with such truthful clearness as to extort from those opposed to him the admiration due to true principle. Now he rests in the silent grave.

An attack of acute inflammation of the wind-pipe, [laryngitis], a most dangerous disease, had for several days been present with him, but the crisis had seemed past, and his anxious friends were just congratulating him on his relief, when in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the last trump was sounded which caused his gallant spirit to leave its earthly tenement and appear before his God!

So is the mournful event which has deprived the State and the South of such a champion—terrible the blow that strikes down the idol of his family—that brings the wail of anguish from the widowed heart—that tears from the declining years of a fond mother the staff upon which she leaned, and makes his children orphans. The sincere sympathy of all who revere what is elevated and pure in principle, is with them in their irreparable bereavement.

Melanchoy and Fatal Mistake. On Wednesday last, in Baltimore, Dr. A. B. Arnold was called to see a child of John Eckert. He gave a prescription in which elixir of potash was directed; but the drug was mislabeled, and the child died.

The child made considerable resistance, and the mother succeeded in administering only half the dose, so powerful was it, that in ten minutes the child was dead. Dr. Arnold was immediately summoned, and so confident was he that the child's death was not caused by the medicine, and that he made no mistake in writing the prescription, that he asked for the medicine and swallowed a teaspoonful, and was in the act of repeating the dose, when he felt the symptoms of the poison, which it contained, working upon him. He instantly started for the apothecary, Ernest Leffer, corner of Eden and Lombard streets, and on reaching the store was hardly able to tell them to give him a powerful emetic, and fell upon the floor. In a few minutes afterwards, Mr. Eckert entered with the medicine, charging Leffer with killing his child.

Mr. A. maintained as it could not be—the medicine was simple, and he had compounded the prescription accurately, to prove which he would take some of it, and pouring out a teaspoonful, drank it. He then turned and entered an apartment in the rear, fell upon the floor, and in twenty minutes was a corpse.

The scene which followed beggars description. Husband, wife, and mother, all frantic from the deplorable results of a mistake. In a very short space of time the streets in front of the house were filled with human beings, each eager to know what was the matter, and at any time during the day could be seen crowds of persons standing in the vicinity of the house, drawn thither by the powerful excitement which pervaded that quarter. Drs. Yeates, Monmouth, Kinnebrew, and others were in attendance, but were unable to be of any service whatever to Mr. Leffer. The emetic which Dr. Arnold had taken caused him to vomit freely, and was probably the saving of his life, as he is considered out of danger.

THE DEATH OF HUGH MILLER.—The advice by the last steamer leaves it no longer in doubt that Hugh Miller died the death of a suicide. A post-mortem examination was held by the medical authorities, and they came to the following conclusion:

"The cause of death was found to be a pistol shot through the left side of the chest, and this we are satisfied was inflicted by his own hand. From the dissection appearances found in the brain, taken in connection with the history of the case, we have no doubt that the act was suicidal, under the impulse of insanity."

The following lines to his wife were found written on a sheet of paper lying on a table beside the corpse.

"Dearest Lydia—My brain burns. I must have walked; and a fearful dream arises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought—God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me, Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brains burn as the recollections grow. My dear wife, farewell."

HUGH MILLER.

Tobacco.—From present indications it is safe to infer that leaf tobacco will bear a very high price during the present year. The high price of the manufactured article and the admitted inferiority of the crop on hand, must cause good tobacco to go to a very high figure. We have heard of some purchases made in the adjacent country which, we learn, were effected at figures much above last year's rates.

It is a good sign to see a woman dress with taste and neatness. It is a bad sign to see her husband used for feathers and foolery, gems and jewelry.

Hawks' History.

We notice that the introductory volume of the Rev. Dr. Hawks' History of North Carolina is nearly ready for publication. It is an octavo of 254 pages. The volume is complete in itself, furnishing the most full account that existing materials at this day afford of the first attempts at colonization in Carolina. The period embraced extends from the year 1584 to 1591, and includes the first voyages made under the charter to Sir Walter Raleigh.

In a recent letter to a gentleman of this town President Swain, of Chapel Hill, says:—"I have looked hastily into Dr. Hawks' introductory volume, and am pleased with it. There is evidence of greater research than even his friends were prepared to anticipate."

Wil Herald

TOO SMART FOR THAT.—A colored man, a few days since, cut up capers to displease his master who thought he ought to be corrected for it, and sent him therefore with a ticket to the work house with instructions to have him punished. The negro took the note, but recollecting his offence, and doubting whether something might not be meant by the letter not exactly to his advantage, looked out for some one to make the bearer of it for him. He succeeded at length. He met a crier for whom he had no especial kindness, and who was going in that direction, and professing to be in too great a hurry to go himself, he put it off upon him, with the promise of some reciprocation for his trouble. The facile friend took the note to the work house, stood innocently according to the direction of the officer, and in spite of his protestations was the subject of a very sufficient drubbing.

Charleston Standard.

RATHER SPICY CORRESPONDENCE. The following correspondence appeared in the report of Gen. Hensingsen, of Walker's army: HEAD QUARTERS, Granada, Nov. 28, 1856. To the Commander-in-Chief of the remains of Walker's forces.

Sir: We the undersigned Generals of the Guatemala, Salvador and the Nicaragua forces, for humanity sake, now invite you to surrender yourself and your soldiers as prisoners of war, before we order our respective forces to fall upon you, in which case very few of you might have a chance to be left living, in spite of our best intentions to avoid blood being shed. We must make you know that you will have no kind of protection from Walker, nor he has been entirely routed at Rivas and Virgin Bay. Nor could the steamer ever land a single man, all the beach being covered with our troops. If you give yourselves up as prisoners of war, delivering all your arms, you have nothing to fear for your lives will be saved, and you will be very well treated and set at liberty, giving you your passports. We have lots of prisoners in our hands, some of them wounded, and the most sinfully touched, and we treat them as well as our own men, as the bearer of this, who is one of them, will inform you.

We hope you will listen to our friendly invitation, and if you do not accept it we have at least the satisfaction of having done all that laid in our power to avoid your total destruction, and to spare you some time for your answer. Believe me, sir, yours,

M. PAREDES. General of Guatemala forces. RAMON BELLOSO, Gen. Com. Salvador and Nicaragua forces. THOMAS MARTINEZ, General of Nicaragua forces. Major General Guatemala forces.

To Zucala, Beloso, and the other rebels and their leaders whose names I cannot waste a decipher.

Sir: I have no parley to hold with men who I know lie. I regret for the good of the cause to be obliged to offer you, that if you lay down your arms in two hours, your lives will be spared; if not within six months I will, in the name of the Government I represent, hang you all as high as Haman. Price, as a traitor, I intend to detain and shoot, but I return one of your prisoners, captured yesterday.

C. F. HENSINGSEN, Acting in the name of the Commander-in-Chief and President of the Republic of Nicaragua. In his report, Gen. Hensingsen remarks: "When the allied Generals did order their respective forces to fall upon us, which they no doubt did to the best of their ability, I would remark, if it were admissible in a report to be circulated, that they fell back, fell off, and according to fast advice, fell off."

MANAGEMENT OF THE NORTH-CAROLINA ROAD.—By great labor, the snow was opened for the passage of the cars on this road at the earliest moment possible; and the energy displayed on this, as on former occasions, reflects much credit upon the President, Chas. F. Fisher, Esq. We received the Asheville papers on Thursday evening, showing the road had been opened all the way through on Wednesday. The snow towards and among the mountains was heavier than it was here, and in many places it had drifted to a depth of eight and ten feet in the cuts of the railroad.

Mr. Fisher has now been at the head of this important public work for about eighteen months, and during that time he has displayed executive talents of the first order. No man could be more devoted to his duties than he is. His watchful eye is upon every thing connected with the road; and much of the success which is crowning this noble State work is due to his efficiency and fidelity as President.

Rail Standard.

ROWDYISM.—The New Orleans papers give horrible accounts of the crime and ruffianism of that city. "Well dressed young puppies," as the Delta styles them, "have become so bold in villainy that they scruple not to invade fair, and insult the ladies, and bully the men. When seen by daylight, these ruffians are generally young men who have all the outward appearance of gentility. But when protected by the darkness of night they perpetrate the most cold-blooded crimes of murder and robbery, with the hardness of the most accomplished highwaymen. Other southwestern cities complain of the same dangerous and unsafe state of affairs, and the doing of the California Vigilance Committee are spoken of as deeds of merit and justice."

THE LONDON TIMES. A rich Frenchman, M. Millaud, who has recently purchased the Parisian Presse, had an idea of buying the London Times. He wrote to the proprietor on the subject, and received the following reply:

"Anchor in the Thames with three vessels loaded with gold, and then it may not be impossible for us to enter upon the discussion of preliminaries."

Dug Out.—We understand that a family (says the Danville Register) consisting of an old man, his wife and daughter, were dug out of a drift around their cabin, on the opposite side of the river, on Monday morning last. When the snow was removed and an entrance to the cabin effected, the old man was found sitting on a stool venting his execrations on snow, storms, landlords, and all foreigners in general. When interrogated as to the creature's comfort within his immediate reach, he said he had no fire, no wood, and no provisions; but that was a small matter when compared with his total destitution of "spirits."

BURNING OF NEGRO MOSE IN ALABAMA.

We find the following account of the burning of the negro, at Abbeville, Ala., in the Eufaula Native. It will be recollected that the crime for which Mose was burned, was the murder of his master:

A large concourse of people was assembled at Abbeville, numbering from 4 to 5,000. The negro was taken from the jail by the guard, no opposition was offered by the sheriff. The place was arranged before the negro arrived. A green pine stake was set in the ground firmly, and around that, a pile of fat pine was arranged in diameter about six feet, and about four feet high. He was bound head and feet to the pole, the wretch made the following confession: "That he had murdered his master, but would not have done it had it not been for a white man." He made some other confessions, implicating a white man and another negro in the affair.

Our informant says, that when he left, the fire had already consumed his head, legs and feet, and that they were piling on more wood to finish the body.

A PRUD POSITION.—The London Times has an article on the probable policy of the President elect, with this flattering interrogatory: "Who would not be the President of the United States—the choice of a nation of free men; the object of most intimate care, solicitude and contention to 27,000,000 of the most intelligent of the human race, the object at which every man's finger points, the topic on which every man's tongue descends—raised above his fellowmen by no accident of birth, by no more superiority of wealth, but by the presumed fitness of his personal qualities for one of the most elevated situations that a man may be called upon to fill?"

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS. New York, (via New Orleans,) Jan. 22.

The Archbishop of Paris has been assassinated. The circumstances of the bloody deed were as follows:

While Archbishop White was officiating in the Church of St. Stephens, in Paris, he was stabbed to the heart by a discharged priest, named Verge. The Archbishop instantly expired. This affair caused much excitement.

THERMOMETERS CONGEALED. Boston, January 25.

Yesterday morning it has been the coldest weather ever known in Vermont. Thermometers in various places congealed, and the weather judges estimated it at fifty degrees below zero.

ARRIVAL OF HON. JAS. BUCHANAN. New York, Jan. 27.

The Hon. James Buchanan arrived here today on a temporary visit. He was greeted enthusiastically by many friends. By desire there was no public reception.

Mr. Buchanan waited on the President, and it being public reception day, a large crowd greeted him. The President received him warmly and cordially.

Mr. Buchanan is staying at the National Hotel, where he is receiving his friends and visitors.

IMPORTANT FROM NICARAGUA. ARRIVAL OF STEAMER ILLINOIS. New York, January 28.

The steamer Illinois has arrived, with eleven hundred thousand dollars in specie.

The British steamer Thames, at Aspinwall from Greytown, reports Walker, with five hundred men, surrounded by the enemy, who has offered him terms of capitulation, which he would probably accept.

It is rumored in New York that the filibusters going out in the Tennessee will be arrested.

Detention of the Tennessee—Arrest of Filibusters. New York, Jan. 28.—The steamer Tennessee was detained today in consequence of her repairs not being finished. Several filibusters were arrested including Col. Fabens and Alex. Lawrence, Colonization Agents, and their clerk Henry Bolton. Messrs. Fabens and Lawrence were required to give bonds in two thousand dollars each, which they refused and were therefore committed to prison. The Tennessee will sail tomorrow perhaps.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. VALENTINES! VALENTINES! PREPARE FOR 14th FEBRUARY 1857. JUST Received a large and beautiful assortment of Valentines, for the 14th of February, ranging in price from 64 cents to \$3.00 each, also a very large lot of COMIC VALENTINES, 25 cts., and 50 cts., per doz. VALENTINE ENVELOPES, WRITERS 123 cts., CHILDREN'S VALENTINES and CARDS, 123, 25, 50 cts. per doz. Envelopes, for Valentines, small size 64 cts., Medium size 123 Large size 25 cts. Persons wanting Valentines may rely upon obtaining such as will please and sent to any part of the Country, neatly enveloped, free of Postage. Address all orders to J. H. ENNIS, Bookseller, Salisbury, N. C.

N. B. Send orders immediately that they may be attended to in time.

Wanted, AN active, honest man in each section of the State to take orders by sample for McALLISTER'S HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES. To active men a liberal monthly salary and fair commission will be paid. Address (with stamp to prepay answer) DR. J. S. McALLISTER, Jersey City, N. J.

NOTICE. THE Wilmington and Weldon Railroad Company have made arrangements for forwarding all goods consigned to the care of the Company, and destined for any point on the line of the North Carolina Road, free of Commissions. It landed on the Company's wharf, there will be no charge for wharfage or drayage; but these expenses will be incurred if landed on any other wharf, and will be added to the freight on the way-hills, to be collected on delivery, by the North Carolina Railroad Company.

N. B.—To avoid detention at Wilmington, it is essential that the amount of freight by vessels shall, in all cases, be distinctly stated, in dollars and cents, on each bill of lading, and if goods for more than one person are included in the same bill of lading, the amount of freight for each consignee must be separately stated. By order of the Board of Directors, S. L. FREMONT, Eng. & Sup. Office of Engineer & Superintendent, 32-1/2 Wilmington, N. C. Jan. 28, 1857.

To Rent, THE MOUNTAIN HOTEL, MORGANTON, N. C. THE most eligible and desirable HOTEL in the Town of Morganton, N. C. or in the Western part of the State; is offered for Rent, with its Furniture on low and accommodating terms. It has had and still continues to have the largest share of patronage. Any person desiring of engaging in the business would do well to call immediately and examine the premises, further particulars can be obtained on application to J. M. HAPFOLDT, Morganton, N. C. Feb. 2nd, 1857.